

ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

BIDE DUDLEY

Since the Managers' Ticket Association went up the free early in the week, it has become the custom to "sell out" Broadway theatrical attractions, it appears. Klaw & Erlanger sold blocks of seats for "Around the Map," at the New Amsterdam, to brokers and that was what started the argument that resulted in the dissolution of the association. Now the other managers are following suit. Blocks of seats for Lee DeMichele in "The Great Lover," "Common Clay," "Fair and Warmer," "The Unchast," and "Woman," "Alone at Last," "Woman's Choice," "Alone and Master," "The Princess Pat" and "The Nine Parades" have been disposed of to the brokers and are on sale at the ticket agencies for performances beginning Monday. To this list may be added other shows before Monday comes. The brokers have spent more than \$100,000 for the privilege of handling these seats, one of them said today. It is probably considerably more than that sum.

All the plays mentioned are successes. It may appear strange to the uninitiated that the proprietor of a hit should sell his tickets in advance. The explanation is that he has a chance to collect on his play immediately instead of having to wait for the money to come in day by day.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

Thanksgiving is nearing; the turkeys are dressed and soon pumpkin pie will be baking. The day will bring joy to many a breast, in some, though, there'll be a weeping for hundreds of lonely ones, far, far away from home where the heart's always turning, who'll dine at the counter in some small cafe and do some tall thinking and yearning. Bill Skinner will know that in Kalamazoo the folks at the home place are wishing, and maybe his plate and his napkin-ringing, too, are there while the good things they're dishing. A picture will come to his mind with his pie that's sweet, yet a little distressing, and maybe a tear will appear in his eye as Dad bows his head in the blessing. I beg of you, readers, while carving away for loved ones, as dishes are steaming, to start just a thought toward that little cafe where Bill at the counter is dreaming. It's such a small thing and it cannot do harm. 'Twill add to the joy of your dinner. And maybe 'twill send out a comforting charm to—well, we'll just say, to Bill Skinner.

THE RAGTIME ARGUMENT.

Help! This argument about the originator of ragtime is becoming too strenuous for us. Charles Corwin of Cincinnati writes to state that nobody originated syncopated popular music—that it just grew. He does admit, however, that Ben Harney probably perfected it. Edward E. Winn, who touches ragtime playing, is inclined to think that we'd be in the right if we gave Mr. Harney the championship belt and the bronze medal. He thinks Ned Wayburn's claim to the honor is doubtful. The Wayburn song "Syncopated Sandy," Mr. Winn thinks, is no proof of any ability on the part of Mr. Wayburn to write ragtime music, because, as he remembers it, Ned wrote merely the words and George A. Nichols the music. Therefore, says Mr. Winn, how can anybody say Mr. Wayburn originated ragtime with this "Sandy" song? Mr. Winn's argument sounds reasonable enough and he is undoubtedly a very nice fellow, but just the same, the championship belt and the medal might be great sources of comfort to Mr. Wayburn at this time.

Edgar Pretorius of Brooklyn, merely queries us as follows: "What are you going to do about the ragtime honor? Are you going to award it to Wayburn or Harney?" "Yes," say we.

MATHEWS GAVE IT UP.

J. W. Mathews, manager of the Hippodrome, is from London. Recently he evolved a plan to give the unemployed employees of the Hip a Thanksgiving dinner. In order that the guests might be of the right sort he assigned the subjects. An east side usher was told to talk on "What Can We Do to Accelerate the Spirit of Corps Among Our Soldiers."

The usher, wearing a dubious look, left the manager, but soon returned. "Say," he said to Mr. Mathews, "I don't get you. Anyway, whatever that subject is, I don't believe it's no good. I'm going to make a talk on 'What Will Willard Do to the Next Heavyweight What Tackles Him?'"

Mr. Mathews declared the dinner off.

GOSSIP.

Col. Henry Waterson of Louisville, Ky., is in New York.

Campbell Casad, the playwrighting advance agent, has returned to the city.

Molly Pearson, appearing in "Hob-

"S'MATTER, POP!"



By C. M. Payne

FLOOEY AND AXEL—Anyhow, One "Angora" Was Produced, and That Was Floeey's!



By Vic

MARY'S MARRIED LIFE—Billy Didn't Reckon In the \$1.35 He Spent to Save That Fifty Cents!



By Thornton Fisher

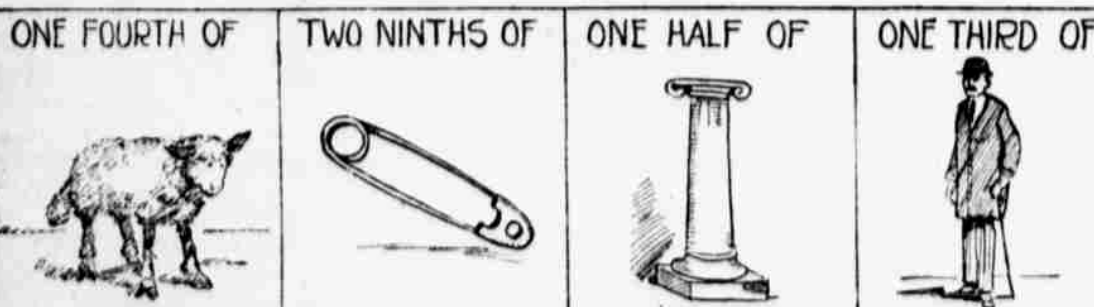
'T WAS EVER THUS!—He Had the Evidence to Prove His Claim!



By Bud Counihan

EVENING WORLD PICTURE PUZZLES

WHAT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IS THIS?



The President in last Thursday's puzzle was HARRISON. One-seventh of "hatchet," H; one-half of "arrows," ARR; one-third of "island," IS; one-third of a "gallon," ON.

The name of to-day's President is to be found in the same way, arranging together the indicated fractions of the words the pictures represent. To-day's President and another puzzle will be printed next Tuesday in The Evening World.

IT WOULDN'T DO.

A motion picture man from Chicago visited an exchange in New York the other day and expressed a desire to buy a feature film. A salesman, looking over a list with him, came to one called "The Battle of the Sexes."

"That's the film for you," said the salesman.

"Not on your life!" replied the Chicago man. "No more war pictures in mine!"

"PETER PAN" FIRST.

Alf. Hayman, who recently returned from the Middle West, where he conferred with Maude Adams, has arranged for her to begin her New York season during the Christmas holidays in "Peter Pan." She will follow this play with other Barrie comedies. Miss Adams will be at the Empire.

NEW LOCALE NEEDED.

L. Wolfe Gilbert and Irving Berlin, both song writers, met the other day, the story goes, and, during the course of the conversation Mr. Gilbert spoke of Dutch Gulana.

"Is that a country?" asked Mr. Berlin.

"Sure!"

"Spell it, will you?"

Mr. Gilbert spelled it and Mr. Berlin took the name down in a note book.

"I've run out of States in my song writing," the latter explained.

FOOLISHMENT.

As I was riding a car one night I saw a shooting star. "Hundred thousand!" I cried and then a fellow looked me for a line.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE. "Isaac, why do you swear?" "Shakespeare swears, papa." "Well, don't go around with dot Shakespeare as more."

The Great Dot Mystery

WHAT WILL FREDDY'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT BE? SEE IF YOU CAN HELP LEARN THE SECRET.



CHAPTER VI.

"HOW silly," said Freddy, "just because a parrot talks, that is no sign it isn't a bird, and mother just won't have birds around. I'm sure of one thing, and that is, that my mysterious birthday gift won't have feathers. Why, mamma wouldn't any more have a bird around the house than she would a white!"

To solve the Great Dot Mystery join the dots with a pencil line as each chapter is printed. Begin with dot No. 1 and take them in numerical order. Then cut out each picture, and when the last chapter is printed you will have a thrilling mystery story complete to be pasted in your scrap-book.

Changed His Mind.

LOUISVILLE negro was caught with a number of hides in his possession, for which he could not reasonably account, and was brought into court charged with stealing.

"Guilty or not guilty?" thundered the Judge.

"Not guilty," emphatically responded the negro.

"Then how do you account for the

fact that you were in possession of two 45 bills when you were arrested, although you are known to have been unemployed for a year?" demanded His Honor.

"Jed," let me relate the circumstances, Mr. Judge.

"And that three hides, of which you claim to know nothing, were found hidden in your cellar?"

"I dunno, Judge, but—"

"And that you were seen coming out of the tannery with three more?"

The negro scratched his head in silence for a minute, then blurted out:

"Looky here, Mr. Judge, if you is twice to git so troublesome and so quistive 'bout this little matter, I's just p'inted gwine ter take back what I said 'bout not guilty an' make it guilty."—National Monthly.

For Rent.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE said in Chicago of a corrupt boss:

"He's very virtuous—oh, very virtuous."

"A millionaire once went to him and said:

"I want to get in the Senate. Will you sell me your support?"

"No, sir!" the boss answered, striking himself upon the chest. "No, sir! I'm a free born American citizen, and I'll sell my support to no man."

"But," said the millionaire blandly, as he drew out his check book and fountain pen, "but if you won't sell me your support, perhaps you'll rent it to me for the term of this campaign."

"Now you're talkin'," said the boss in a mollified tone.—Washington Star.

RATS AND ALL VERMIN exterminated. A. J. KILPATRICK, 1414 N. 4th St., telephone 2016, Anderson.